

In the end art is a list, it has always been a list, both the *Iliad* and *Bible*, the Ur art works of the West are little more than an endless list of ships and begats. Dikeou's self-listing frames this sociological drift, perfectly--both as history and mystery. Her objective presentation of her own history as an artist in New York for the past 7 years does indeed bring forth the where and who--but not the why. Why this group artist, why this set of recurring galleries, and what infrastructure allowed these names to be the ones listed?

It may be that Dikeou's tactic of mimicking announcement boards found all over the malling of Soho in the late 80's and 90's foregrounds the circle of incest that creates any list. The mystery of her history then is probably the same story as the Ur list of the West--the outcome of lots of Homeric killing and Biblical fucking--in a cultural sense of course.

"What's Love Got to Do with It?" The "It" being art, very little. Yet, there is some thing that drives this circle of incest--the possibility that one may become one of the listed. The list creates an aura of connection with past lists. To be listed opens a passage from one circle of incest to the next. Dikeou's lists are perhaps an attempt to come out of this dark situation, part of her 12 step program, for self-recovery. Both Dikeou and Postmasters have the strength and audacity to share their recovery in the open with us.

Dikeou's boards also set the site wherein the incest takes place--the gallery. Within this home all perversions are allowed, here Father-collector screws the child-artist before the hungry eyes of Mother-gallery--each indeed "willing and suppliant" to exchange themselves for placement on the list. With the object of art as excuse. It is here that Dikeou's gesture becomes that of gleeful child shoving her little fingers deep into the eyes of SOHO's cultural circuit. While pretending to be nothing but phenomenological representation of history she lifts the curtain on the primal scene of art--lists of who screwed who, when, and where. The only mystery left unseen is how much Father paid Mother to do "It" with the kid.